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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

NOVEMBER •

ELIOT

1934

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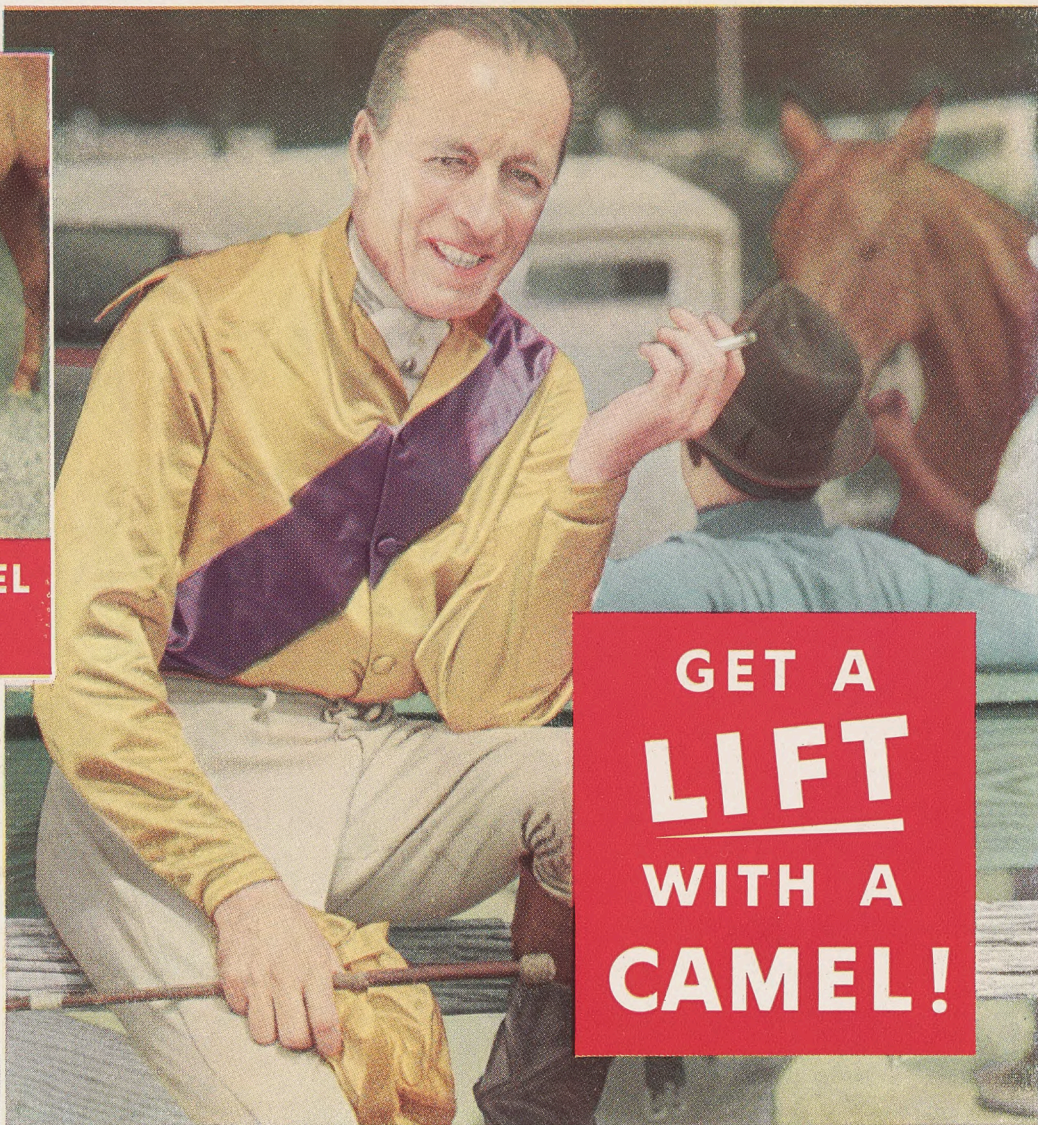


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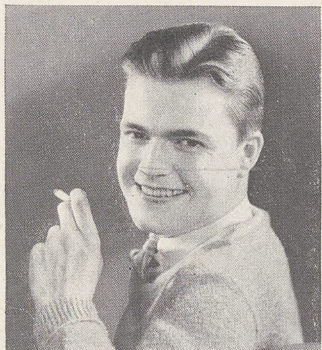
**WHEN YOU FEEL
"ALL IN" —**

CRAWFORD BURTON, gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding... a Camel smoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.



**GET A
LIFT
WITH A
CAMEL!**

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COLLEGE STUDENT. "When mental fatigue sets in," says John Birgel, "I just smoke another Camel and soon have the energy to concentrate again."



REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."

**HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE
WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?**

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country...showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels...and that they do "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty in-

cessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed.

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat...never get on your nerves.

**ALL TOBACCO
MEN KNOW:**
"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand."



**Camel's costlier Tobaccos
never get on your Nerves**

Coed Styles

Seems as how the contest for the best dressed gal on our campus has produced food for thought for the rest of the campus queens. Aren't the girls you notice most, the ones with the snappiest outfits?

Now to get down to brass tacks, one of the fairest of our fair young damsels known to her campus playmates as "Dotty" Dittman has the most elegant brown tweed suit you've ever laid eyes on! It's a two-piece affair with a plain straight cut skirt—tight fitting jacket topped off with a luxurious cinnamon colored lapin cape. Just the type that would be delicious to stick the end of your nose in while freezing at a football game. The outfit is completed with a tiny little hat of the same tweed material with a pom-pomish ball of lapin perched on the very top.

There haven't been so many formal functions at the alma mater this semester—but just wait 'till those gay Christmas parties roll around. No foolin', girls, you're gonna need at least two knockout formals to be in the swing during the Santa Claus holidays. Maybe you'll find one in your Christmas stocking, who knows? One chattering flitting about young miss, Mary Wilson by name, who makes all the very best dances, needs no new gown in her stocking for she's tried out a lulu of a black creation on the stag line already. It's down to the floor, and tight fitting, with a very high neck line (which incidently is a very popular trick nowadays)—turn back shoulder cuffs of the same black crepe covered with silver beading—a low square cut back, in spite of the fact that the high collar comes around and fastens with two little rhinestone buttons in the back—and a wide, black crepe sash that blows, flows, or what have you.

Speaking of our best dressed girls, Norma Ossing, who was one of the four girls left in the finals of the contest, wears a very smart yellow and brown three-piece knit frock. Perhaps you saw it on her at the Mizzou-Washington game in Columbia last week-end. The skirt and jacket are the same color tweed while the knitted sweater underneath, and a "now it's on, now it's off" ascot scarf are of a brilliant yellow. A brown suede belt, which can be worn over or under the outside jacket, brown suede shoes and gloves, and a high brown felt

Tryolean hat with a jaunty yellow feather on one side completes the outfit. Quite fetching, eh?

To have been at Mildred Vaughn's debut reception the other day was to have gotten a liberal education in what the well dressed girls are wearing. Mildred had on one of the most stunning looking dresses I've seen in quite some time. It was a really regal looking formal of white and silver lame with a slightly draped neckline in front and a deep V in the back. The narrow belt in the back fastened with a glamorous green and crystal double clip, and another clip of the same stones trimmed the draped neckline in the front. The close fitting skirt flared at the bottom and fell into a short train, showing just the tips of her smart green and silver sandals. Her bouquet was of yellow roses which matched those banked on the mantel.

Of course at a tea there must be "pourers"—and who should we find with teapots in hand, but some more of our campus playmates. Jane Scholz was lovely in a blue crepe gown which had high slits in both front and back. The neckline was very high—right in with the styles again! Betty Ann Noland (who incidentally also made her debut in the past week or so) wore a black crepe of long fitted lines—a net top decked with gardenias across the neckline—very, very smart. Edna Birge, who had her hair done in a tricky little braid, was quite smooth looking in a white satin. It was very different looking with pleats across the neckline, lined with green satin. All in all, the creations were really worthy of such a momentous occasion.



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For Men Only

Ever heard of "careless meticulousity"? Sounds queer, to be sure, and is a bit contradictory or ambiguous or something, but—it's the keynote of being well dressed these days. Gentlemen, the idea is this—be financially scrupulous, excessively circumspect, and habitually prudent in the selection of your wardrobe—then, and don't get off the track, wear your clothes jauntily, easily, snappily smartly, yet sprightly. Cock your hat, put a feather in it, don't button the top button of your double-breasted coats, drape a little color here and there—in your breast pocket, around your neck, on your ankles, carry a cane, if you dare (the Sigma Chi's did), and, above all, look the world in the eye. Enough of the preaching. We brought it up because styles for young men this year call for a dash and a swagger which is described adequately only by "careless meticulousity." Patterns in suitings are big and bold; weaves are very rough for sport and very fine for dress. They call for accessories which accentuate, either by contrast or by subdued harmony, their appeal. Let's be specific.

The black or blue or dark grey double-breasted sack suit with very decided stripes of white set anywhere from a half to a full inch apart will be popular this winter. It will be cut medium close fitting, with natural shoulders, and with broad lapels which will curve in a manner very similar to the shawl collar often seen on tuxedos. The stripe in the goods emphasizes the last feature and does wonders in making the suit a totally new and striking outfit. Now for the finishing touches to the beginning of an elegant ensemble. There are any number of combinations of shirt, ties, hats, and so forth which will look well with such a suit. One list, with a general hint or two, will suffice. With a blue suit color, a deep blue shirt with a detachable white starched collar and contrasting blue silk small print tie is very appropriate. Plain black shoes, a derby, and light colored chamois or pigskin gloves complete this decidedly dressy outfit. Note that the shirt is plain rather than striped or checked; also that the tie is not striped.

Fashion Suggestions of interest to college men

The Saddle Pocket

The increasing popularity of horseback riding is having its effect on clothes design as signified by this new pocket—roomy and ultra smart, made to carry things without distorting the coat.

Side Vents

A direct departure from the single vent in the middle of the back. Fashionable and practical as they permit ready access to hip pockets.

One of the reasons why a large portion of our clientele is made up of young men, that is, that in addition to careful tailoring we pay particular attention to those little refinements of fashion that mark the smartness of design so desirable to men of good taste.

J. H. Lasse
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SAINT LOUIS





JUST AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER NEEDS *Both* LEGS

A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO
MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS
and
FLAVOR

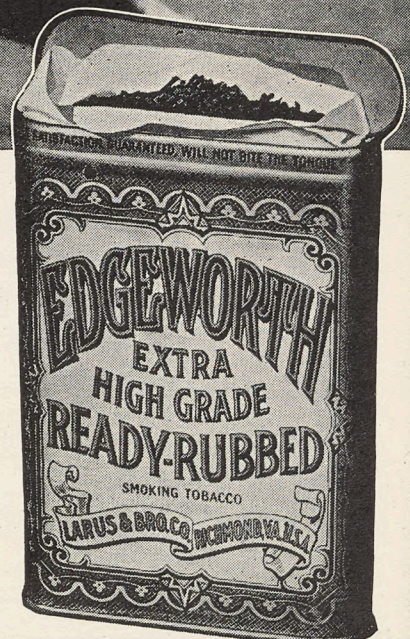
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Edgeworth, from the finest pipe tobacco grown, gives you rich, full-bodied flavor—and is so mild you can smoke it all day long.

Smokes slowly—a tin lasts a long time. Some smokers report fifty minutes to an hour per pipeful. So—why punish yourself with

“cheap” tobacco when a 15¢ tin of Edgeworth gives you many more hours of smoking pleasure. It’s not the first cost—it’s the hours you get in smoking that count.

Besides the 15¢ pocket package, Edgeworth is sold in all sizes up to pounds. Some in vacuum packed tins in which the tobacco remains the same in any climate. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.



**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

Washington University

• ELIOT •

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No. 2

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• OFF THE RECORD •

A Matter of Policy

When we had our copy and our cuts piled up in a nice little stack ready to send to the printers, we looked at it awhile and then said, as God must have said when he finished the final blueprints for the kangaroo, "Well, at least it's different."

There are many new features in this issue, most of which we expect to retain permanently. In our next number we plan to introduce more. Our purpose is not primarily to change the character of the magazine, but to increase its appeal to the university as a whole. It is our opinion that an organ of student expression should give that expression not only as large an audience, but also as wide a scope as possible.

Popular material and serious literary efforts exist side by side in an increasing number of university publications which are rapidly taking the place of "college comics" throughout the country. These magazines have found that they are able not only to give a clearer reflection of campus life than the comic, but by means of the increased technical advantages that go with larger circulation, to present in better form a larger amount of literary material than the purely literary magazine.

We are experimenting in an effort to reach some sort of golden mean between the two extremes. We are aware that we have not yet hit our stride, but we are learning to take bigger steps.

Football at the Met

We have worked in what might approximate mildly a newspaper office, with typewriters beating out their savage tattoo in the modern manner, with lengthy discussions between two editors at the opposite ends of the room as to what story will go in the last column of page one, with the sounds of assignments being given and headlines being written out loud . . . and we have discussed football. But it isn't quite the same as discussing football with a first tenor of America's largest opera company, while at least twenty people were roaring his name and while the conductor was waiting to begin his overture.

Of course there isn't a better subject, outside of music, that we could have talked to Mario Chamlee about. Mario used to be star halfback at U. S. C.—now he carries the ball at the Metropolitan, and carries it for

a few first downs, according to all reports. And they say he scores a touchdown as Rudolfo, Alfredo, and Edgardo.

"You say you're playing Butler tonight?" he asked in the middle of the overture to Lohengrin. "Do you think we could make it out to the game during the second act? I'm not on till the end. That was a swell game you played against the Illini. I hope you beat St. Louis U."

"Chamlee! You're on in two minutes."

And so Mr. Chamlee went on to save the beautiful but rather corpulent Elsa, while we went away wondering by how wide a margin Wagner and Verdi nosed out professional football.

The Kansas Dog

Henry Johannes, student in Mr. Howes' English 9 class, sends us this amusing account of a young canine who bids fair to becoming a Washington tradition:

"Veteran troopers say that the toughest job in the theatre is one of 'going on cold'—stepping out in front of an audience and entertaining them without any rehearsal whatsoever. Few actors have succeeded in putting over a cold performance. But a small insignificant looking mutt stepped out on Francis Field between the halves of the Washington-Kansas tragedy, and without rehearsals not only entertained ten thousand spectators, but literally stole the show from the regular entertainers. . . . The canine Thespian's only errors in a clever performance were the two false entrances he made in the last few minutes of the second quarter . . . However, dramatic instinct seemed to tell him his mistakes, and each time he returned to the sidelines. No doubt remained in his mind as he made his third entrance. He entered the field at the end of the half accompanied by the Band and strutting as grotesquely as the Band's leader. The pup discourteously remained seated throughout the Alma Mater. The next number called for some heavy work on the bass drum, and with the first boom as his cue, the pup leaped for the drum and tore at its rungs, trying to pull it to the ground. The drummer, in defense, planted a drumstick on the attacker's nose. The crowd cheered the pup. It was the pup's biggest scene. A few seconds later he made his exit in the same manner that so many of the great actors have exited from their initial performances; in short, he got the hook."

THE PRECIOUS AIR

He Was There—Buried There In
The Mines On Strike—He Who
Had Loved The Cool Air Above

by MARIE LIEBSON

They were huddled there in the endlessly long narrow passage. Tens of them, hundreds of them, thousands of them staring into the surrounding gloom. They had been vitally alive in the beginning, vibrant, their strident voices crowding into the crevices of the jagged walls.

"We'll show 'em."

"They thought we were afraid, afraid of them big shots."

"Big shots, yeh, big enough to think they could work us to death."

"They'll give us more."

"They've got to. Who's going to buy them there big cars when the mines ain't working?"

"They need us. Worse than we need them with their lousy three bucks a week."

"We won't have to stay here long, boys—as soon as they see we mean business, they'll pay, plenty."

"Won't hurt us none to go without eats for a day, or maybe two days."

"Hurt us! We'll fight for our rights. We'll show 'em."

"When we settle they'll pay what we want this time, not what they want."

But now only a few hysterically weary words were flung up at the beams of the roof and tumbled crushed into the damp earth floor.

"They'll pay us plenty."

And if they did pay more, Anton murmured, would that yet give him time, that miraculous leisure, to look up at the moon and try to count the stars over his matted hair? Or time to feel the soft grass and watch the silky dandelions stir as they had moved the day that blue spotted butterfly had lingered for moments? He reached out his grimy hand to touch the yellow flowers, but his skin rested on hard, ragged blackness. He drew back with a shudder, trying to draw himself away from the walls. Those walls were black and dead and solitary like the grave. The grave? He couldn't die here in the ugliness of the underground. He jumped up, his voice rushing from his throat in a stream.

"I can't die here. I won't die. We'll give in."

A fist, huge and hard, swung out and knocked him speechless to the ground. The nearby figures were stirred to life again by those words.

"Who said that, the dirty—"

"No quitters in this bunch."

"Oh, him; he never had any guts."

"Yes, he always was yellow."

Anton breathed in the darkness of the coal. Yellow, no guts. That's what they all thought, everybody except Maria; even his mother. He remembered her telling her ugly, sloppy neighbors: "Him, Anton, he's a little crazy, gets it from my old man's sister, I guess. She was like that, used to sit all day sewing purple ruffles on her curtains. Then two days later she'd be takin' them off full of coal dust."

Anton recalled how he had stumbled into that old lady's shanty one day to find her ripping a flounce off her cheap cambric tablecover and wiping her tears with the dirty bit of beauty. He had put his arm around her awkwardly, saying: "Auntie, I know about that there ruffle. The others don't know nothin'. Sometimes you and me'll have all the sun and trees and ruffles we want."

But he didn't believe those words any more than she did, and he knew the skinny, red geranium on the window sill was looking into the gray, dusty air and laughing at them both.

Yellow was he? Because he'd drag his tired feet away from a neighborhood brawl, over the mountain of shale, down the road and rest in the fresh greenness around a



struggling tree. In the spring sometimes gold dandelions grew there. He had first talked to Maria there.

Someone was shouting again.

"We'll cut off the air and suffocate before we let them see us starve."

Slav's voice cut into his mind. Cut off the air! He didn't want to die. He started to speak, but his aching jaw dully drew the words back. Slav had hit him the first time. Did Slav know about him and Maria, Anton wondered. Poor Maria, living with anything as ugly as Slav; but it hadn't killed the beauty in her eyes.

He thought of those eyes. They had made him talk the time he had stumbled over her clumsy figure lying motionless at the foot of the big, crooked tree. She had clambered to her feet and looked at him half fearfully, half belligerently.

"Well?" she had demanded expectantly.

"You lazy—" he started, and then saw her eyes. He stopped, perhaps forgetting his timidity in the deep black of those eyes. "Maybe we're both looking for something!"

"Lookin' for somethin'?" she inquired suspiciously.

"Yeh, maybe the sun, or them little flowers, or a bird," he continued hopefully.

She stared at him and then smiled, a quick, frightened little quirk.

"Well, maybe I was. Do you mean the little yellow flowers under that bent tree the other side of the pits?"

The next evening he had taken a few precious seconds to wash his hands and face, which time he discovered wasn't wasted, because somehow the way to that crooked elm seemed a lot shorter. She told him about her husband, a strong man who laughed at her crazy ideas when he was in good enough humor to laugh. They met as often as possible—not to talk, but content only to watch the clouds dance by, or to twirl a single leaf between rough fingers, or suck fuzzy, prickly blades of coarse grass. They never could fill themselves sufficiently with the intoxicating, clear air.

"We'll cut off the air before we starve," repeated the voice in the deathly silence of the passage.

No one answered. They were all weak with exhaustion. The terror of approaching death and the cold bareness of their tomb numbed their limbs.

"Ill die, I'll die," he sobbed brokenly, "but I want my face in the grass and Maria sittin' there lookin' up at the leaves."

Maria was sitting there hundreds of feet above, hunched over the queer black table, her knuckles pressed deep into her forehead, her tears noiselessly watering the bright blue flowers of the cloth beneath her head.

"Ma," a small sooty boy pushed at her arm, "ma, them women are goin' down again."

She didn't stir; rage was mounting in her throat. Anton was down there, dying. The only person with whom



she had had any happiness and such a little bit of being happy. Ten or twenty minutes maybe sneaked away from dishwashing when Slav had to go on the first shift. She was just getting to know Anton real good. He was such a funny thing. He never put his hand on her, till the last day. It was on account of that she liked him so much at first. But later on she wanted his arms around her. The day before the strike maybe he had known it at last. He kissed her and she lay there looking up at the leaves and thinking, this is the beginning, the beginning of my being happy. I've got the grass and the flowers and now him.

"Ma," whined the voice at her elbow.

She looked at her son with his coarse features so like Slav's. She didn't love him. She couldn't love anyone but Anton's son now. Anton's son would have poured water on the sickly little bit of green growing sort of scared like into the crack of the door. Slav's son had torn it out and thrown it away. Eight years with Slav. She had been good—she had cooked, and sewed, and borne his son.

"Ma," she had said the night before her marriage, "I'm different. I'd go crazy living like you and the rest of the women here live. I've got to get away from this soot and dirt. Maybe Slav will quit the mines."

(Continued on page 20)

BEHIND THE SCENES

What Happened Below the
Stage When Those Four
English 16 Plays Were Produced

by ARLEEN THYSON

It looks like a meeting of the League of Nations and is no place for jangled nerves. On the night of the Thyrsus English 16 plays the improvised dressing room in January B-3 is crammed with thirty-one actors all preparing for their grand entrance. Two negroes, a mulatto, three Italians, a Jew, a German woman, an Irish woman, and an English general are among those present.

There is a frightful uproar.

"Help me smear this on my arms, will you?"

"Is this part of a costume? Oh, it's the cover for the harp."

"If you people would shut up we could open some windows."

"Youah a dirty lyn' white man."

"Don't start going over those lines. You make me feel bad."

"Oh, those little bows really come untied, dont they?"

"Leave me alone, dopey."

"Cast of **Forty-Five** on the stage! Come on, everybody. Step on it!"

"Good luck, darling."

The cast troops out.

"**Stuff of Heroes** next. Everybody here?"

Someone is missing. Well, there's still time."

Peggy Smith doesn't quite understand **Co'n Meal Cakes**. George Ruopp explains it to her.

"Didn't you really evah see that fellow befoah?" she draws.

"I don't think so."

"Then he just imagines that you all are after him?"

"His fear makes him suspicious of everyone."

Julius Nodel arrives to aid with the explanation. At last Peggy understands it perfectly. Then she delights us by describing—upon our earnest request—the plot of **Stuff of Heroes**. General Marion leaves because he's "fed up with it."

Peggy's explanation is a little involved. Maybe I'm slow, but I don't follow it. Apparently, no one else does.

"Are you supposed to be very clever, Peggy?"

"Oh, no. I'm dumb—in the play," she adds sweetly. Her brown eyes prevent anyone from tossing back "In the play?" and we all decide to go upstairs to watch **Stuff of Heroes**. A member of the cast is still missing, though. We are beginning to get rather anxious. At **Forty-Five** is nearly over.

Jake, the old-clothes man, is a crooner. At the moment he is struggling "Two Cigarettes in the Dark."

Mrs. O'Kearn, of **Alley Scene**, instructs her "son" not to force her so far center.

"We play the scene at the right. See?"

Bill sees.

Here come the Forty-fivers. They are weak with laughter.

"How was it?" we chorus.

They all talk at once—to each other—and it is some time before we gather that Geraldine Beaumont had nonchalantly stated that she was "only seventy-four."

"Then," gasps Jane Blackmer, "I have to come back with the line, 'For shame! You're six months older than I, and I willingly admit I'm forty-five.'"

Harriet Robbins was grand, they tell us. Her exit brought thunderous applause.

"They thought it was the end of the play," she protests modestly.

The cast hopes Harriet wins the prize. They have agreed to give a party with the money.

Conway bursts in. "**Stuffed Heroes** next," he shouts. But the cast is still incomplete.

"We can omit his part."

"We can not."

"It isn't really essential to the plot."

"Well, we can't do it! Alex mentions him in the next line and if we skip **that** too—why, I won't be able to follow any cues. Oh, it'll be an awful mess!"

"Where **is** he?"

The stage is almost set.

"Where **is** he?"

The door opens. He's here! Rough hands shove him into a chair. The make-up man violently smears him with cold cream. Someone rushes for his costume. Someone puts his boots on him. Sighs of relief.

We sneak upstairs to watch the play. Very nice.

When we return to the pandemonium, Jake is "Lost in a Fog." The darkies are practicing a scene in one corner.

The returning cast—all male, save Lucinda—is less loquacious than the Forty-Fivers. They are primarily interested in removing their make-up.

Eight people cluster about the single mirror. I have been waiting to get near it.

"Excuse me. Do you mind?"

"Just let me have a little peek?"

"Shut up."

"I can't even see my nose. Look at me. Have I got the stuff off?"

I decide to put on my cap without looking in the mirror. It will look funnier anyway.

Pete, the cop, experiments with a pair of handcuffs. Willard suggests that they practice the arrest.

"I've got to see Winona about that, too," says Pete. They call her and rehearse the scene.

(Continued on page 21)

HOSPITAL NO. 21, ROUEN

Where, as This Interview Tells, the
Washington University Medical Unit
Took Its Part in the First World War

by MIRIAM M. JONES

"One of our hardest tasks during the war was to answer letters from the mothers of boys who had been wounded . . . or perhaps killed," reflected Miss Ruth B. Cobb, a St. Louis woman who was one of the nurses in the Washington University Medical Unit at the time of the World War.

"You see," she continued, "when a soldier was wounded the army sent a telegram to his parents notifying them that he was in a hospital—in our case it was Base Hospital No. 21, Rouen, France. If the boy died," she added slowly, "they telegraphed word of his death—no more. The mothers of these boys often wrote to us. (The letters, you see, were handed to the nurses in charge of the boys.) To answer them was really a heart-breaking task. At times it was all we could do to get them answered."

Miss Cobb looked at the interviewer, and then slowly turned her eyes away. "Here is one of them," she said. "I'll read it to you."

In her deep rich voice she read the note from the mother of a wounded soldier who wrote so incoherently that his family could not understand his letters. Pleadingly, the woman asked the nurse to tell her what she could of her son's mental condition. Miss Cobb put the letter down carefully and picked up another from a woman whose son had died. The letter was bordered

in black and asked for an account of how the boy had been wounded and how he had died, since the telegram had merely announced his death. Then the mother thanked the nurses for their kindness to her son during the short time they had cared for him in her place.

A brief silence followed which carried more significance than anything the boy's nurse might have said.

"But there were many pleasant things, and most of the boys were so cheerful and brave that it made us ashamed of ourselves." As Miss Cobb was handling the collection of crisp, yellow newspaper clippings, her eyes fell on a notebook, and she smiled. Picking it out of the box, which was near her as she sat on the floor of her apartment, she handed it to the interviewer. Each nurse, it seemed, had a notebook in which the convalescent soldiers jotted down original verses or drew pictures, according to their talent.

"The soldiers really enjoyed keeping those notebooks for us," added Miss Cobb, and then she laughed. "Being near a city helped divert us, too, for we used to hop on our bicycles and ride to town whenever the strain became too great. If there were no bicycles available we walked, for every bit of gasoline was saved for military use. When it was too cold we had to be content to stay in our huts."

"Was it really very cold there?" asked the interviewer. Miss Cobb smiled again with the smile that must have cured many a soldier.

"Well, when we arrived at London they told us to supply ourselves with good, heavy long underwear, to which advice we laughed in a superior sort of way, saying we'd never be caught wearing such clothing! However, one week at Rouen during a cold spell, and we were all writing back for several suits of the old-fashioned stuff."

The nurses had a hard time during cold weather, for the thin wood huts roofed with tarred paper had no heat. Water froze in wash basins, and nurses learned to work with bad cases of chillblains as well as without them. The soldiers were kept warm by means of hot water bottles and blankets.

Further search of the box on the floor revealed a group of pictures, the first one showing the nurses' huts. Surrounding the group of huts was a long, narrow trench.

"During German raids the nurses, and as many patients as were able, would put on large metal hats and run to these trenches for safety. A few nurses stayed with those men who were too ill to be moved. In the trenches we were really quite safe, but it was no fun to be called

(Continued on page 20)



POLICE COURT

A University Student Who "Covered" the Court for a St. Louis Daily Last Summer Tells What Happens After the Arrest

by SELWYN PEPPER

"Louis Kopp, Louis Kopp," the court marshal bawls. The man is led in from the temporary lockup inside the courtroom.

"Are you Louis Kopp?" a clerk asks.

"Yes," he replies.

"You're charged with being drunk on the street. How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

"NOT GUILTY," Kopp shouts.

"Raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth mmmmmmmmm' help you God? Take the stand, officer."

The policeman takes the stand. "Tell the court the circumstances of this arrest, officer," says the youthful assistant city attorney.

"We got a call at the station that there was a man drunk on the street at Eleventh and Franklin. I went there and it was this man Kopp out in the middle of the street directing traffic."

"Have you ever arrested him before, officer?" the judge interrupted.

"Yes, three times in the last two weeks. Each time he was out in the street directing traffic. He says he wants to be a traffic officer because his name is Kopp."

Crime and Punishment

"Your honor, I had him arrested because when I came yesterday he was drunk and he began to beat me. When I came in he was lying on a divan and I could see that he had been drinking. I started to scold him—he's been drinking so much lately—and then he got mad and came at me. Then I ran out and called the police."

The speaker was a woman about 40 years old, poorly dressed in a plain, printed dress, black, worn shoes and a close fitting hat which was no longer neat. She continued:

"He's been out of work for 18 months now. He quit looking for a job a long time ago. I'm working, but I only get \$13 a week. You know that doesn't go very far when you have yourself, your husband and two children to support."

"Are you on relief?" the assistant city attorney interrupted.

"Yes," she replied. "It's the only way we can get by. But even with my salary and the relief money we've been hardly getting by. Then a few months ago my husband began drinking a lot more than he used to. Whenever I'd go away I'd tell him not to go out and get drunk on relief money, but almost every evening when I come home he's stretched out on a bed or divan. Then when I scold him he argues with me. It's bad for the children, and it's bad for all of us. Something has to be done, that's why I had him arrested."

The judge looked from the woman to the man and finally to the children. "Two hundred dollars," he announced.

Now is the time . . .

Two men were being tried for drunkenness. "Have either of you ever been in the Workhouse?" the judge inquired.

"Yes," replied the first, a tall, graying, unkempt man of about sixty. "I've been convicted four times."

"Drunk each time?" the judge inquired.

"Yes, your honor," the defendant replied.

"How about you?" the judge asked of the second individual.

"I've been sent there three times in the last five years" he said.

"Well, I'm going to send both of you back to the Workhouse for another visit. Maybe it will do you some good."

"If you please, your honor," said the older man, "we don't want to be sent down there now. You see, both of us have been working for Jimmy Dolan in the election, and we don't want to quit now with election only three days off. Anyway we want to vote. If we go to the Workhouse we won't be able to vote."

"Well," said the jurist, "I'm sorry to deprive both of you loyal party workers of your vote. Ten days."

Reconciliation

George Jefferson and his wife Mamie were called to the stand. George had been arrested for disturbing his wife's peace and had retaliated by having her arrested for disturbing his peace.

"George," asked a court clerk, "do you wish to prosecute your wife, Mamie?"

"Nawsuh."

"Mamie, do you wish to prosecute George?"

"Nawsuh."

"They've made up, your honor," said the clerk.

"Congratulations," said the judge.

He learned about law

Walter Furman, Washington University student, was arrested for going through a boulevard stop. His case was called and when he came forward he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I guess I plead guilty," he said. "The law is the law."

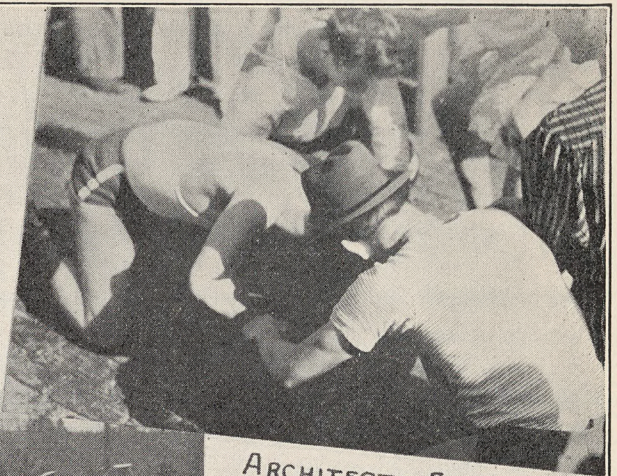
"He says the law is the law, your honor," a court clerk mimicked.

"That's right, the law is the law," said the court. "Perhaps he'd better learn a little bit more about the law. Send him to traffic school. He'll continue his education there."

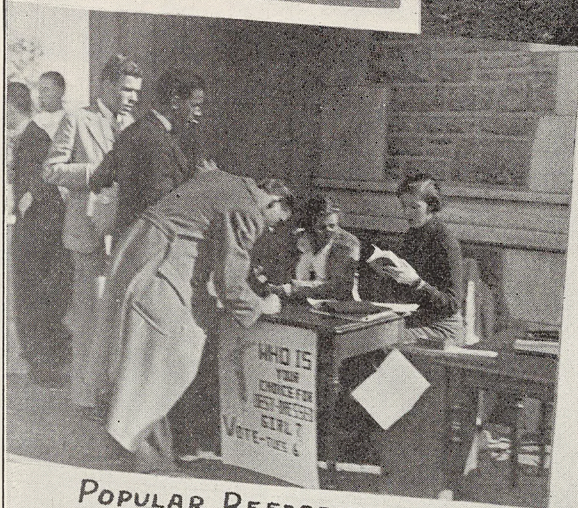
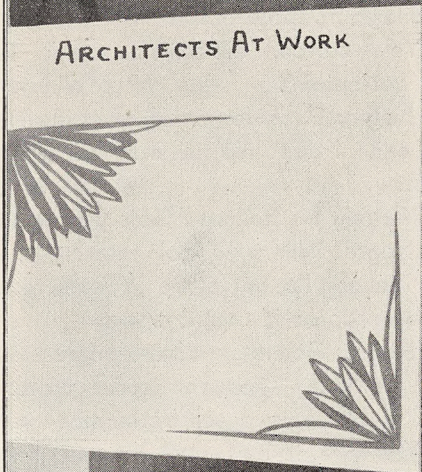
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ARCHITECTS AT WORK

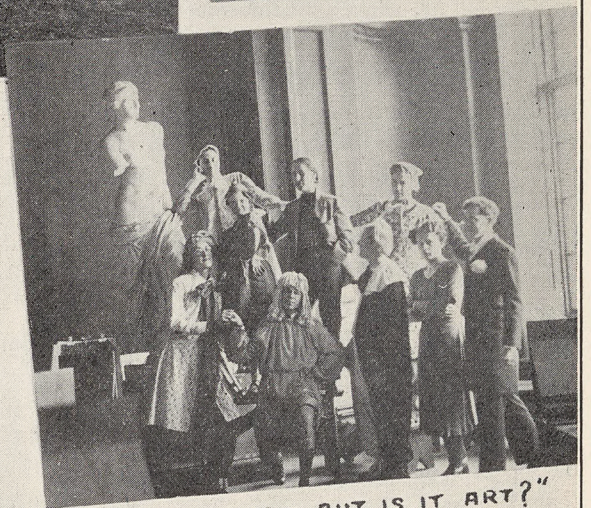


ARCHITECTS AT PLAY



POPULAR REFERENDUM

KANSAS GAME THE WINNAH!



"IT'S CLEVER - BUT IS IT ART?"



THETA XI - AGAIN



ENGLISH 16 IN THE ALLEY

THE SCENE is laid in the railroad section-yard of a small southern town. The time is night and in the background may be seen the black outlines of freight cars. Downstage center is a small camp fire—around it are seated three Negroes (right upcenter of fire) and one White (left of fire). The Negroes are speaking as the curtain rises.

First Negro: Sho' cold, ain't it? Win' blow right thu yuh.

Second Negro: Sho is! Come all de way fum Chicago—thousan' miles an' still cold. No job yet either.

First Negro: Ain' no place fo' a nigger out of a job. (Pokes fire with stick.) White man's got all de payin' jobs down heah. All de res' of 'em yuh don' git nuffin' fo' wo'kin' yo' haid off.

Second Negro: I know. I belong down heah. Come down 'cause it's always wa'm when I been heah befo'. Ain' no use bein' heah if it gonna do like dis dough.

First Negro: Seem like even de sun declared a mortuary o' som'thin' an' caught me wif on'y dis heah cotton shirt on. (Poking fire.) Any mo' wood aroun'?

Second Negro: Coupla branches down de track—ain' worth walkin' after.

First Negro: I c'n see yo' ain' as cold as me. Which way is dem sticks?

Second Negro: 'Bout 200 feet down de tracks. Seen 'em fum my car when we come thu de yards tonight.

First Negro: (Pointing right) Dis way? (Second Negro nods and first goes off right—he is carrying a loaf of bread under his arm.)

White: Either of you know when that train east is due?

(Third Negro starts when he hears White speak. He tries to see his face, but the light of the fire blinds him.)

Second Negro: Dere's a local goes thu about half hour. Dat ain't no good. You wan' a hot shot, don' yuh?

White: Yeh, I wanta through train.

Second Negro: Dat'll be 'bout two hours, I reckon. But when she do come thu she gonna be red hot. She gonna stop here fo' water an' den she don' stop till she hit Mobile. Dat's de kin' yo' want, ain't it?

White: I want the best damn train they got.

Second Negro: Dat's right boss. Yuh don' git no where on dese here little bitty ol' locals. Yuh wan'ta jump de bigges' an' de fines'—den yuh gonna git some place.

White: (Takes in a deep breath and lets this speech ride out on it) It's the way with a lot of things in life, boy.

Second Negro: (Third Negro shifts in disgust at this last speech.) I don' know much 'bout life, but dat's de way wif trains, anyway.

(First Negro returns, dragging a couple of branches. He takes the bread from under his arm, places it upstage—in back of the fire and starts breaking branches.)

Second Negro: (To White) Yuh done much travellin'?

White: No, I haven't. Not this way, at least. You see, I'm an evangelist.

Second Negro: Evangelist!—What yuh doin' heah, den?

White: Out of a job.

CO'N M C

A One-Act in a
Section Year
Winning Er P

by ALISON

Second Negro: What yo' mean, boss? If yo' is a evangelist, yo' don' need no job do yuh? Dat keep yuh pretty occupied don' it? Wif all us black souls aroun'. (Holds up his hand, looks at it and laughs.)

White: Yeh! But I gotta have money or I don't preach.

Second Negro: Depression?

White: Yeh—cotton. Six cents a pound! Been north, but didn't get nothin'.

Second Negro: Dat's de way all of us is. No work an' nothin' to eat. I don' min' de work part, but I sho do miss de eat.

White: (Patting his stomach) Gets yuh, don't it?

Second Negro: Where yo' goin' now?

White: Thought I'd get a job in some resort on the coast. Season opens in coupla weeks.

Second Negro: Gonna be a bar-tender? (Laughs.) Dat sho would be funny—den you could preach between drinks—an' mebbe you preach better when you is drunk.

White: You tryin' to be funny?

Second Negro: No—no—no, boss. I jess thinkin' dat white



M CAKES

Act in a Railroad
Year's Prize
Production

by ALTON

is a man do stan' a better chance behin' a bar dan in a pulpit, nowadays.

White: (This has hit a tender spot) You're damn right—and if you'da listened to what I had to say five years ago you'd've all had good jobs now. I saw it coming—I told you that and you **wouldn't listen to me**. Now look at you.

Third Negro: What yo' mean us?

White: I mean the whole bunch of you—branded me a Red and tried to run me out of town.

Third Negro: Us niggers don' do dat—we ain' havin' good enough time to want it to las'. It's de whole damn buncha you white folks dat's blin'.

First Negro: (Turning) What yo' say?

Third Negro: I say de whole damn bunch o' white folks is blin'. Dey don't know we gonna git strong an' whup dem like dey been whuppin' us fo' four hunderd years. (Nervously) We git 'em some day too.

First Negro: Careful dere, nigger—yo's talkin' to a white man. Ain' do no good to talk to white folks like



dat—dey gonna hang yo' up a tree, firs' thing you know.

Third Negro: Yeh—dat what you say. Dey gotta ketch me firs'—an' dey don' ketch me yet. Dey ain' gonna, either.

White: What's the matter—what'd you do?

Third Negro: (Looking at him hard—then deliberately on the next speech) I don' do nothin'—see? But if I do som'in' dey don' like, I gonna be ha'd to ketch. Ain' none dese heah small town dicks c'n get away fas' I can. I leaves an' thinks after—dey thinks an' I'm gone. Dat's de way I works.

White: Guess that's the way I have to do.

Second Negro: No it ain't. Yo'se a white man—dat's de difference. Anything happens—you gets off an' we gits it in de neck.

First Negro: Yeh—we gotta watch what we does.

White: Pretty tough on you black boys—you have a hard time.

Third Negro: Yo' ever work in de turpentine camps?

White: No, I haven't.

Third Negro: Den yo' can't talk—yo' don' know nothin' 'bout de Souf till yo' work in one of dem white man hells.

White: You worked in 'em?

Third Negro: Dat's de las' job I had. White man's gonna feed me fo' nothin' fum now on. I done enough work fo' yo' stinkin' race to las' me fo' de res' of my life.

White: What'd they do to you?

Third Negro: Dey work de guts outa me, dat's what dey do. Dey work us from mornin' to night every day in de week. If you' don' work hard as dey think dey beats yo' wif a bull whip till yo' can' work. If yo' gets sore, dey beats yo' up again. (Works up to a nervous pitch.) Dey feed yo' on damn stinkin' co'n meal cakes every day till yo' wanta spew 'em in de're face—co'n meal cheap, dat's why dey give it to us—jus' like we ain' no better'n dogs.

First Negro: Why didn' yo' git outa dere, boy?

Third Negro: (Scornfully) Ain' I heah?

Second Negro: How you do dat?

First Negro: Yeh, how you do dat—Don' dey watch yuh?

Third Negro: Dey beat me up jus' once fo' 'loafin'. I try to tell 'em I'm sick fum eatin' dat damn co'n meal dat has maggots in it, but dey strips me anyway an' ties me to de fence an' den dat God damn black haired foreman starts swingin' dat whup. (Stands up and goes through the motions.) God—I wish I had 'im back 'live again—dere's interest due on dem stripes he give me. I'd cut him in bits wif de en' of my whup, like dis. (Cuts wind with imaginary whip.) Den' I slow down an' throw water in his face to keep him to. I don't kill him all at once—I keep him fo' a week—mebbe two weeks, an' let him see how he likes it befo' I finishes 'im.

White: Yeh, but how'd you get out of there?

First Negro: Yeh, how you do dat, huh? (Both other Negroes are tensely interested.)

Third Negro: When dat devil finish wif me I can hardly

(Continued on page 21)

BILL

Continuing the Adventures of "The
Poor Dumb Dutchman" Who Tells
the Author About War-Struck Germany

by CLARE HARRISON

The moon, like a platinum crescent, hung low over the maples.

"Bill—let's go for a walk!"

"Walk! And me with three bad blisters on my feet! I think a lemonade would be much nicer . . . for you."

"All right, you big sissy," We turned the corner and went into our favorite drug store. Inside, the electric fans barely stirred the hot, moist air. "Here you've been bragging about how healthy you are—never been inside a hospital; and now, on a glorious moonlight night—you have BLISTERS on your feet! Why don't you buy shoes that fit?"

Bill laughed. "It issn't the shoes, baby. I played soccer football barefooted last Sunday."

"Barefooted! Then you deserve to have blisters! Good Lord—"

"For Chris' sake, baby, I went barefooted until I was eighteen—that iss, except on Sundays. I used to take my girl out on Sundays, all dressed up like a million bucks. Then on Monday, I might meet her on the street—and I would have only my shirt and a pair of boy scout shorts on—ah, that wass bad."

Whereupon, he made a face that would have qualified him for any village-idiot contest.

"Speaking of shoes, Bill, you should see my new sandals. \$12.50—for six straps and a sole."

"That's fine." Bill shook his head over my extravagance. "That iss fine. When I tell you that during the War we had to prove to the officials that we needed shoes—and there wass no faking about it—what do you think we got?"

"Shoes, I suppose."

"And how! Shoes with wooden soles one inch thick—and the tops wair woven of—what you call it?—flower wire, I guess you say. You know—this wire that bends very easily and iss covered with paper. They make pretty good shoes, too—except when they got wet. Then the paper melted off and the wire rusted. So most of the time we go barefoot."

"You know, Bill, it's always been a wonder to me how you could be such a healthy brute—why you didn't have rickets and grow up thin and consumptive. After all, you certainly must have been under-nourished."

"Well, for one thing, baby—everybody in Europe plays out of doors. There iss none of this business of twenty-two men playing and fifty thousand watching. Ofer there, fifty thousand will be playing and pairhaps twenty-two will watch. Then, too—my mutter was not so bad off as many. I told you we had a dairy. We used to get

our milk from the Alps—it wass sent down every day or so by trains. But if the trains wair held up—as happened very often—it wass tragedy. The milk would sour. The mutters with their little babies would come to our dairy, and we would try everything to save the milk. Mix it with baking soda—everything—you cannot give little babies sour milk."

"No. But you say you were better off?"

"Some—yes. I remember my fairst communion. That iss a big event, you know. My mutter had saved some coffee beans, so we had coffee and potatoes and even butter."

"Is that all?"

"Sure. Nobody else had any coffee. I had a friend—he came to our house and begged me for some of the coffee beans. I remember I gave him seven. Boy—he carried them home like they wair ten-karat diamonds. His family mixed it with chicory and made it thick and black, and sweetened it with sugar beet stuff."

"Didn't you have any bread?"

"Sometimes. But flour wass hard to get, and I think our civilian bread wass made out of sawdust. Every family wass allowed two pounds of potatoes a week. They would hang a herring on the lamp and rub the boiled potatoes on that to flavor them. We had cards from the government with stamps on them, and each time we bought food, we had to give one of the stamps. Sometimes, though, the women went to the farmers' fields and got more than their amount of potatoes. They had to walk home with them—because soldiers wair on guard in all the railroad stations to see that no one got away with any extra food. Once I saw a woman kill herself because of a little sack of potatoes."

"KILL herself?"

"Absolutely. You see, baby—although it wass against the law—after all the potatoes wair dug up, the farmers would let the women go into the fields. Sometimes they find a few little potatoes in the ground which haf been missed. Well, this woman had a hungry family, so she went out and dug for ten hours. She managed to fill a little sack—maybe ten pounds—but she wass tired—and it wass twenty miles back to town. So she wished to ride home on the train. She went to the railroad station, and hid her sack and bought her ticket. Then she kept out of sight until she heard the train coming. She ran out to get on the train, and the soldier on guard stopped her. He discovered the potatoes in the sack and took them away from her. She wass frantic—hysterical—and

(Continued on page 19)

I'm no dirt farmer
but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco...
have a Chesterfield

*Down where tobacco
is grown folks say . . .*

"It's no wonder that so many people
smoke Chesterfield cigarettes.

"To begin with they buy mild ripe
tobacco . . . and then they age it.

"It costs a lot of money . . . but
it's the one way to make a milder, bet-
ter-tasting cigarette."

● TAKE IT FROM RICKY ●

GORDON SAGER ELIOT OFFICE EADS HALL
LOCATE HINCHELL AND MAN IN BLACK
PRONTO STOP FIVE MONTHS ACCUMULATED
LOWDOWN BLOWING THE LID OFF STOP
RUSH STOP

RICKY

RICKY C/O WESTERN UNION
HINCHELL DEAD STOP MAN IN BLACK
RIDDEN ON RAIL STOP ELIOT USES NO
LOWDOWN STOP WHAT KIND IS IT STOP

SAGER

GORDON SAGER ELIOT OFFICE EADS HALL
ALL LATEST FLASHES STOP LORCH EBRECHT
TAYLOR WORRALL KEELER MARTINTONI
KUMBERA PIPPIN MANY MORE STOP WIRE
DEADLINE STOP

RICKY

RICKY C/O WESTERN UNION
DEADLINE TWENTY FOURTH STOP SEND COPY
STOP WONT PRINT IT ANYWAY STOP WHAT
ABOUT EBRECHT STOP

SAGER

Dear Gordon:

Oh, I knew you would—let me do this, I mean. Really, I'll be quite good at it, as there's almost nothing I don't know, or can't find out, that is. I'm so small and brown nobody ever sees me, you know.

About this Walter Lorch-Ginny Ebrecht tangle, for instance. Almost everybody thought that when Speed Lorch drafted La Ebrecht as private secretary, there was something else in mind beside the Hatchet business details, and pointed out that the Beta Bombshell liked to mix business with pleasure, as witness his torrid clinch scene with aforesaid Ebrecht in last year's Quad Club show. But really, they don't know what they're talking about, as I've seen Lorch do plenty of dilly-dallying around one Lorraine Corte, an off-campus mmm-m-mmm, though he was still wearing that pin when I saw him last.

And while we're off the campus, you've heard, of course, about Frances Peil and the discard of one off-campus steady for Reuben Taylor, who's very much on it. Reports from the Lashley-Schuyler front indicate that Bill is far-and-away about the brunette Theta pledge, and personally I think Elizabeth feels the same way, though we hear something of Elliott Koenig and Elizabeth. There's not much to that Koenig yarn, though, as I hear his name also bandied about with Laurene (Us Folks) Steber's, Inez (Sassiety) Wilson's, Grace Andrew's, and Bee Ferring's (Ha, Jack Carnahan!).

What I'm really most interested in right now is Helen Worrall, the blonde Kappa pledge, who is one of the smoothest of this year's crop, and I think Oscar (call him Georgie) Reichardt had no business saying "Hands Off," even if they have been taking auto rides together for

three years. Which is really what Jim Mara thinks, and I think he's getting somewhere, too, though there's probably no pin involved.

I hardly know what to say about Lukie Keeler, honestly. For about a month it was all Bob Hillman, and then, blooey, and along came Bryant Rich and Bob Smith, to say nothing of what I've heard of George (Barbarian) Mueller. With Jocelyn Taylor it's the same way. I see her with Herbie Schroeder, but I also hear about Wynn Mosher and that Sig Chi pin. The Jim Coyne-Jane Many romance, which began in high school, is still having smooth sailing, though it doesn't seem to keep the slick Pi Phi pledge out of circulation, and the KA House (You, Conway!).

And I've been hearing lots of romantic things about—of all things!—the Teke footballers. When the "girl back home" packed up and went to Illinois, Zibby decided to have his fling, so between running back punts he's running to Teke dances with Ruth Bender. Everybody has seen Two-Pin-Tony Konvicka's jeweled pin on Muriel Hicks, right where the plain one used to be. Where's the plain one? My guess is that he loaned it to Brother Martintoni, who can't get his back from Stephens College, though I understand he wants to.

And speaking of Teke pins, Annie Meroe Burnet, the Pi Phi Power, has discarded hers, and I've seen her lately with Al (Lightnin') Wilkinson. Bob Brossard, who started going with Jane Sholz when they were holding Thyrsus leads together, is out in the cold, and I hear Big Red Pickerel is to blame. If you can't figure why John (Tex) Dunning brought Kasha Bull to the Chase in a taxi, I can tell you, because I was around when his car broke down.

Larry McDougall lived up to the old Phee Delt custom and distributed the cheroots because of pinning down Zetta Berger, and Charlie Mill seems about ready to do the same thing with Jessie Connett. I was looking for Johnny Skinner to follow suit with Dotty Dittman, but that's all over now.

Of course I have some old and mellow Silver Anniversary notes. About Jo Sunkel and Bob Noland beginning the third year (or is it more?) of their true-love endurance contest, to say nothing of Chris Siegmund and Jack Hardaway, Dottie Coombs and Ev Davis, Jim Miller and Kibby Henry, John Kane and Myra Kerwin (though I don't think there's a pin there yet)—also Jo Kumbera and Frank Marshall, Georgia Flynn and Ed Carson (though I hear this last isn't so soft-and-sweet, as the pin is now back in the Sig Nu chapter for about the third time). Of course, Chris Kenny and Mary Lee Harney are back together after a summer of ups and downs, and I can say the same of Buettner and Country Lass Pippin, though John and the Pippin are still uncertain. Not so with Ginny Noell and Jack Haley.

NUTS, EVERY ONE OF THEM

In Which the Managing Editor of
Student Life Proves That Football Play-
ers Are Not Dumb—but Crazy

by JACK BRASHEAR

The personnel of Washington's current football team is nutty. This is only my personal opinion—but I can prove it. In fact it is the greatest collection of squirrely fellows I have ever met. With exceptions, of course, but not many. It's probably this same craziness, which is only another form, more than likely, of a super-abundance of pep and spirit, that put the '34 Bears where they are. And it's probably the reason they are such a likeable bunch of fellows. But these things are beside the point. The fact remains that they are nutty. I remember, for instance, an incident which took place during pre-season training. An afternoon's practice had been rained out and Coach Jimmy decided to give the boys a rest and a moving picture show. A projector was set up in one of the gymnasium rooms and a "sport light" film was shown. It included analytical shots of football teams, track stars, and other sport luminaries. But it was all very quiet, since it was an old-fashioned projector, and the explanations were lost.

As long as the "sport light" film lasted, everything was fine. The second film, however, turned out to be a news shot of the President giving some kind of a dedication speech. The speech, of course, was on a sound track, which could be seen at the side of the picture, and which nobody, of course, could read. It was a long one.

For two long minutes dead silence filled the room, and the President's facial contortions filled the screen. Sud-

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Phil Maxeiner is helping Virginia De Haven forget her Cincinnati lover, and Martha Milan is taking Dot Dohoney's place with Morrie Benson. Bud Capps is out gunning for Winona Gunn, the Pi Phi pledge, and speaking of Pi Phi pledges again, Dorothy Haworth, a transferred junior, is seen with both KA's and Pi K A's.

Before I stop, I really want to mention a few things, such as Harry White's charity toward a blonde Kappa pledge . . . Jack Percival and Grace Powe . . . Bob Morris' weekly plunge with Elizabeth Haughton . . . Clara Tarling and Woody Marsalek . . . Art Hauser and the Gamma Phi pledges . . . Joe Barr and the Thetas . . . George Gibson's letters . . . Louise Kraus and Ed Waite . . . Jacqueline Wood and Jim Gillis . . . Billie Docter and Jack Weaver . . . Jane Schwartz and Bud Conrad.

There's scads more, of course, but I'm saving it for next issue. Watch for that, but don't ever try to find out about—

RICKY.

denly, one of the players, who was situated at a vantage point directly below the beam of light from the projector, stretched his hand into the beam of light, and lo! there was Franklin thumbing his nose at the Bears!

The effect was spontaneous. One loud guffaw shattered the stillness, and Roosevelt was presently stroking his chin, patting his head, blowing his nose, and squeezing blackheads, all the while making a very silent and determined dedication of Warm Springs, or someplace.

The locker room is the scene of almost nightly "orgies" as the boys let off excess steam after practice. Ralph Bentzinger, who, the experts will tell you, is one excellent tackle, is the leader of these revolts. "Benny" lets forth a mighty shriek of his basso profundo into the blood-curdling expostulation—"WAR!"

The battle cry is immediately taken up by a score of his cronies, all in various stages of nudity. Perhaps the loudest of these echoes is emitted by 220-pound Walter Gog, a youngster at heart. Pandemonium breaks loose with all its fury as shrieks, "bangs," "blings," and various other noises indicating explosions break forth in the steam-filled locker room. Half a dozen confirmed maniacs leap to the steel-doored lockers and pound rhythmically on them to convey the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun. A shrill whistle heralds the approach of a shell, followed by a loud detonation. The barrage is on, with shells whistling overhead and machine guns drumming out their incessant messages. The conclusion comes as the last of the imaginary enemy has met his death, and the Stars and Stripes Forever proclaims another glorious victory for "our side."

On occasions one of the participants is carried away by the thrill of the battle and, sensing the greater thrill of vanquishing a real flesh-and-blood adversary, begins to throw corn starch promiscuously about. The resulting puffs of smoke add realism to the occasion, and give a material punch to the auditory shells and high-explosives. It is when one of these corn starch "bombs" lights on a freshly pressed suit that war really breaks out. Allies are quickly lined up, and shoes, soap, corn starch, and anything else available fill the air.

"War" isn't the only game, of course, even if it is the favorite one. There's always "cops and robbers," to say nothing of "cowboys and Indians," if somebody can find a rope. I leave it to you to imagine the line and the backfield staging "Custer's last stand" in between the lockers and the showers, with Bentzinger, as Buffalo Bill, riding over the wide open benches.

AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS

by CAROLYN WITTER

Who Interviews Victor Holm, Instructor in Sculpture Here, Ranked Among the Ten Leading American Sculptors

A young boy, dressed in a strange looking Danish coat with long rows of shiny brass buttons, and with a still more unusual Danish student cap on his head, dashed in front of a horse and buggy, clattered down a stretch of the Chicago cobblestones, and ducked around a corner. Once safe from the hail of stones and ice balls, he slowed down and rubbed his head where one of them had hit. Victor S. Holm was having another one-sided battle with a crowd of Chicago boys who teased him about the way he dressed.

Victor S. Holm, who is beginning his twenty-sixth year as an instructor in sculpture at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, has most recently come before the public eye with the unveiling, several weeks ago, of his monumental flagstaff base. It is a memorial to the Spanish-American War veterans and stands on the Municipal Plaza downtown. He has just completed a portrait bust of Prof. Holmes Smith and is working on a memorial plaque for the late Prof. Gabriel Ferrand. These are only the latest of a long list of works that have distinguished him as one of the ten leading sculptors in America.

Mr. Holm's varied and romantic life in America began as a Danish emigrant boy of fifteen, just arrived in Chicago with his father and brothers. As the family was too poor even to buy him American clothes, he had to work, scrubbing floors, passing handbills, anything.

All the time he wanted to be an artist. Even back in Denmark he remembers being spanked for drawing a picture of a cat on the sand-scrubbed floor. One day in Chicago he was walking past a sewer which was being blasted near his boarding house. A mass of soft blue clay was thrown up almost at his feet. He picked up a handful of the soft stuff, worked with it, and was fascinated by the way it could be molded into various shapes. From that moment he wanted to be a sculptor.

After separating from his father, who had remarried and moved to South Dakota, he met Lorado Taft, a promising young sculptor. Taft became interested in young Holm and finally let him live in his studio as his assistant, along with two or three other youthful sculptors. Then began a period of apprenticeship under Taft, who did not himself have many commissions. Holm and the other assistants slept in a small closet-like room of the studio which was called "The Morgue" because it contained copies of all the death masks that Taft had made. When things became desperate they used to joke about the death of a wealthy Chicagoan which would mean a death mask and fifty dollars.

Mr. Holm came to St. Louis first as one of several assistants to help Robt. P. Bringhurst, then Professor of Sculpture in the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, on a large scale commission for a series of figures to be used in the exposition in Omaha. He did his work so well that Bringhurst gave him twenty-five dollars a week for the three months job. Holm had not dared to hope for as much as eight dollars a week. That was more money than he had seen since his arrival in America.

Later, he studied under some of the most important sculptors in America, such as Philip Martiny and Augustus St. Gaudens. The first work which he did "on his own" was the Missouri State Monument to commemorate the battlefield of Vicksburg. Holm won this contract in an international competition. It is fifty feet long and forty feet high—the longest thing he has ever done.

In 1908 and 1909 he had a studio of his own in New York. He was up in the northern part of the state, working on a commission for architectural figures when Mr. Wuerpel, director of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, sent for him to take the position of instructor of sculpture in place of the retiring teacher. Holm accepted.

On his arrival in St. Louis, he happened to meet at Union Station the only person he knew in the city, a St. Louis artist, who said to him, "Go back. Get on that train and go back to New York!" The artist assured him that St. Louis was an artistic desert. The same thing happened when Holm met the retiring instructor at the Art School, a most artistic-looking individual wearing an Inverness cape, velvet trousers, and black, broad-brimmed hat.

"Don't think of staying here!" he said.

That was twenty-six years ago. Holm is still here.

OTHER LOVES

The wind
Blows all my thoughts
Of you, dear, from my heart,
Yet always when its sighing strength abates
They swift return.
The waves
Of ocean wash
My mind of image
And yet when they have finally disappeared,
You're graven still.

—Winifred Duncan.

LITTLE FROG, WHAT NOW?

The Best Freshman
Theme of the Month

by JUNE PENTLAND

I suppose it has been argued many times—whether it were better to be a big frog in a little puddle, or a little frog in a big puddle, I do not know. I have paid so little attention. But suddenly, I, too, am arguing that question with myself and wanting dreadfully to know the answer. Of course, I realize that, if somewhere in the bewildering milling of my mind I should find the answer, it might not be the correct one for the other scared, green, little frogs on the bank of the Big University Puddle. Besides, they do not seem nearly so frightened as I. One by one they pick up the courage to jump, even though their splash is not noticed among so many other splashes. They, at least, are in and struggling—

While I, tearfully and homesickly, cling to the bank. All the conceit that has ever puffed my sides is gone, and I am—flat!

Regretfully I look back at the Little Preparatory School Puddle wherein I had been so happy. It had been such a friendly little puddle there, for four years, I worked a little and played a lot. Ah—in that little puddle I was one day made Queen—

I had to laugh at that—a Queen in the Little Puddle, but just another Fresh Frog in the Big! An eleven per cent increase, they say. When those big Senior Frogs hop by I feel very sure we must be an over-production that should be legislated or plowed under, if plowing under eliminates Fresh Frogs.

Perhaps it would be better if I could laugh more, but there is so little to laugh at. One just naturally doesn't feel like laughing when a learned Professor Frog comes along and looks right into one's dumb skull and finds it empty. (Where, oh where, in my unimaginative soul, am I to find thoughts for a six hundred word theme?)

I must be serious. I must think of my poor, self-sacrificing parents who have saved since I was a tadpole that I might come here to learn, and to grow up into a self-reliant Lady Frog.—That is it, I must grow up! I resolve! but of what strength are resolutions against a swift surge of loneliness? I'm lonesome! I confess it without shame. I'm lonesome for the light of recognition in some froggie's eyes. I'm lonesome for just a little friendly contact with those who teach me. I'm lonesome, I'll admit, for just a little consideration.

Once, I talked with an old man, my grandfather, who had pioneered to a new country. I asked him why he had left a comfortable home in a comfortable state to go to a raw land. He said, "Stevenson called it 'Thirst for consideration.'"

So, I, too, am thirsty. But whether that thirst for me could best be slackened in the friendly waters of a little

puddle or the cold, driving wave of the big,—again I ask myself. I'm afraid of the Big Puddle, but I'm going to jump, so—

What now, Little Frog?

POLICE COURT

(Continued from page 10)

Andante sostenuto

A young traveling salesman from Detroit was on the witness stand testifying in his own behalf. He was charged with speeding forty-five miles an hour.

Asked by the judge to explain why he thought he wasn't going that fast the salesman said: "I was just driving along with no place in particular to go. I was singing a song, putting everything into it. I was feeling swell. Then all of a sudden that motorcycle cop comes up from behind and right in the middle of my singing he tells me to pull to the curb. Then he gives me a ticket."

"Well, what makes you think you weren't going forty-five miles an hour?" asked the judge.

"I couldn't have been going that fast. I was singing a slow song. I think it was the Volga Boatman. I couldn't have been speeding while singing something like that."

"I'm not so sure that you'd keep time in your driving with the song," said the judge. "But since you were feeling so good before you were arrested I'll let you go this time in order to restore your good spirits. Case dismissed."

BILL

(Continued from page 14)

she jumped right in front of the train. And wass that soldier mad!"

"You mean—the woman killed herself—and the soldier was angry?"

"Sure—why not? After all, he wass only following orders. Boy—he got so mad he threw hiss gun clear across the tracks. And swear! Whew! Oh, he wass mad, all right."

I was silent so long that Bill looked at me and laughed.

"Now, baby, it wass not all so tragic. Another woman once tried to hide half a pound of butter on a train. But do you know what she did? She got so excited when she saw a soldier coming that she tried to hide the butter quick—so she **sat** on it."

People in the neighboring booth turned to stare at us as we roared.

"And she wass fat—"

So we managed to finish our lemonade in not too uncheerful a frame of mind.

HOSPITAL NO. 21, ROUEN

(Continued from page 9)

out in the middle of the night. The only other time we were in danger, though we didn't know it, was when we were crossing the ocean."

Miss Cobb explained that the Washington University unit was one of the first of the Red Cross units to be organized. At the time the United States went into the war the unit was completely equipped. It was one of the first to be sent across. With a tinge of pride she mentioned that the unit actually went over before the first American soldiers. The boat on which they sailed had one small gun fore and aft as its only protection.

"Not until we had arrived in London did we know of the great danger of being attacked by German submarines."

Miss Cobb returned to the box of memoirs and drew out another picture. This time it was of the American soldiers' Fourth of July celebration in France. The preparations for it by the French were elaborate, and the Allies put the spirit and dash into the program.

"Christmas? Well, Christmas eve was truly perfect. A soft snow was falling quietly as we carolled for the wounded soldiers. The Americans in particular received us quite gayly. Christmas Day we had a stocking for every soldier, with some little trifle in it. Many of the poor boys were so disabled that they couldn't open them, and they were calling to us for help. 'Sister, I'm next.' (They called us 'sisters'.) Tho everyone of us was thinking of Christmas at home, we dared not talk of it and were glad when the day finally ended."

One of Miss Cobb's most vivid memories is that of the day when over a thousand wounded soldiers poured into the hospital after one of the worst battles.

"The flow of patients, coming and going, was absolutely continuous," she said. "Surgeons operated all that day and night. They had two separate teams, of course, and kept six tables going at a time. The men came down straight from the dressing stations for the most part, with splints over their khaki, and sometimes with only the field dressings on, applied by themselves. They lay on floors and on stretchers. We sent cases to Blighty (which was just one step nearer home) to make room here for other cases, when we doubted if the poor fellows could live till they got there."

"I must stop here," Miss Cobb interrupted herself, as she gathered up the clippings and pictures. "We war veterans go on forever after we've once started. You might be interested to know that after we came back the government decided to give army nurses ranks corresponding to those of the army. For instance, the Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps has now the rank of Major in the United States Army. It may sound queer, but during a war it is very convenient for nurses to have army ranks. English and Canadian nurses had it for some time, and we Americans often wished that we had titles. It's hard to explain, but the nurses who had army

ranks seemed to have authority with the soldiers that we lacked."

THE PRECIOUS AIR

(Continue from page 7)

"And maybe he won't," cautioned her mother, "and don't you go nagging at him. Workin' in the mines is a real man's job—you ought to be glad a fellow like Slav is marryin' you."

"But, ma, just think of livin' on a farm with a tree near your window."

"Better get them ideas out o' your head or he'll beat 'em out."

"Slav won't beat me, ma—I'd kill him first."

Well, she tried. At first she had begged him to leave the mines. Her begging had developed into a constant nagging, but he wouldn't leave.

"Why should I?" he asked one night when she complained bitterly about the money he made. "It's better than I could make anywhere else. Anyhow I'm too old to start something new just on account of one of your crazy ideas."

She had run out of the house, up the road, on and on till she reached the calm tree. She had seen Anton for the first time. She stumbled thru the low door and ran after the crowd of sordid wailing women, ran till she reached the head of the mine.

"They still alive?" she gasped.

"We don't know, lady. They claimed they was goin' to suffocate by cuttin off the air."

"They can't do that. He can't die," she screamed. "Let me down the shaft, mister, please let me down the shaft."

"Sorry, lady." He pushed her gently away.

Some haggard wife had fainted, and they were carrying her to the boss' shack. The more fortunate women whose husbands weren't in that deadly cavern were trying to console the others. One put her arm around Maria.

"They'll come up all right. Don't you worry. They'll be fine."

Maria unconsciously shook the arm off. Cut off the air, they had said. Anton had always loved the air, the clean air of the slope. Once he had said, "When I die, I want to die right here with the sun comin' thru those two leaves right into my eyes."

There wasn't any sun down there—it was black and damp and bare and horrible. She moved away slowly and then hurried, hurried until she had reached the slope and with pounding heart sank into the soft grass. She took great deep breaths, but they stuck somewhere in her throat, she couldn't force the air down into her lungs.

Anton was sitting, hunched in the darkness, trying to force from the depths of his lungs some of the precious air, that had ben stored there, perhaps when he breathed so deeply on the slope. Maybe he had saved enough, enough to let him live for a few more minutes.

BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from Page 8)

Pistols and swords of **Stuffed Heroes** are lying around. Some of the girls must learn how to shoot—how to hold the gun, which eye to close, etc. Detailed explanations required.

Valeta Kern and John Moore give a fencing exhibition.

Bill Schuyler is concerned about his cues.

"So many vegetables," he mutters. "First string-beans, then tomatoes, then peaches."

Jake and Frances Buss sing "I'll Be Tired of You." Frances and Marie Matthey demonstrate the latest dance step.

"These rehearsals get in your hair, don't they?"

"'S worth it, though."

"Oh, sure, it's worth it. But, boy, it's a long time since I've hit my schoolbooks."

Mrs. O'Kearn is afraid that she looks more ludicrous than Mrs. Schultz and Mrs. Merkel.

"Why didn't you two dress funnier? Gosh, I feel crazy."

"I'm wearing blue stockings."

"Why, haven't you heard? They're the latest fashion."

"Too bad."

The cast of **Co'n Meal Cakes** returns. They were great, as usual.

Oh heavens, we're on next.

Elliott, the make-up man, is wonderful. He works—and smokes—steadily all evening and doesn't get a bit excited—till the stage is all set for **Alley Scene** and he has four more people to make up. Then we have to step lively—and no back talk.

"What are you walking around for? Nervous?"

"Oh, no. Not particularly."

"John, you look distinguished."

"Do you make anybody in that outfit, Catherine?"

"Everybody upstairs! Prop-mistress wants to talk to you."

The girl is superbly calm. There are no peaches; we must make the best of it. My basket is missing again; she'll find it for me in a minute.

We go on.

Back in the dressing room we rival the first cast in racket. We want to know if Tony is hurt. There is a nasty scratch on his leg. We feel certain that the audience thought his fall was part of the play.

"That siren at the wrong time!"

"Darling, you were marvelous."

"I was so nervous when I got on that stage."

"Hand me some cold cream."

"When he missed that line! How in the world did you know when to come in, Pete?"

"Oh, I just **came** in."

"Jake really got the laughs. He was good tonight."

"May I borrow your comb?"

"I had about as much push behind me as an elephant."

"How do you get all that stuff in such a little box, Elliot?"

A head looks in the door. "Professor Carson says everybody get ready in a hurry. You may be called for the prize."

Much laughter.

All but three of us go upstairs to hear the announcements of the winners. We stay and talk to Elliott about his part in **Yellow Jack** at the Little Theater.

Loud applause above.

Cruvant Altman comes down. "Gillis and **Co'n Meal Cakes**," he says.

We cheer, then hurry upstairs to congratulate Jim.

CO'N MEAL CAKES

(Continued from Page 13)

crawl. Took me coupla weeks befo' I c'n do any work—and dey beat me fo' dat too. (Quietly as if creeping up on something.) Den one night after I got back to workin' I was layin' in bed tryin' to sleep, but dem stripes still hurt an' my fever ain' gone—so I jus' lay dere—de moon come in de window an' make de room all blue. I c'n heah de guard outside—up an' down—up an' down. Den I don' heah 'im no mo'. (Almost a whisper—tensely.) Everything's quiet 'cept de crickets chirpin'. I sneaks up outa bed—can't see de guard. I say to myse'f, "George, de Lawd done dis fo' you—dis is yo' chance." De foreman's cabin is only 'bout hundred feet on de other side, in dat bunch a yella pines. I grab a shovel on de way over. I sneak in de cabin—dere he is in bed—he hear me an' raise up on his elbows an' say "Who dat?"—I swing up my shovel—an' den I—(Looks around nervously) I get back too, an' de guard don' see me. (Once more nervously excited.) Dey foun' de boss de nex' mornin'. (Laughs.) Yeh, dey foun' him—'cause he don' wake up—dey foun' his haid too—flat on de pillow—jus' like a **co'n meal cake**.

White: Well, George, then what'd you do? Reckon you got tar an' feathered an' hung, too.

Third Negro: (Turning slowly to White) Who tel' you my name? Yo' know me?

White: (Laughing.) Why, you damn fool, you just called yourself that.

Third Negro: Yo' dirty lyin' white man—**Yo' know me**—Yo' gonna tell 'em all I said. No—by God—no yo' ain't—I'm gonna—(Starts across back of fire toward White, who gets up to meet him.)

Second Negro: Hey—Cut dat out. (Intercepts third, with help of first—third Negro's rage subsides gradually and he sits down sullenly—still mumbling threats.)

Second Negro: What's de matter wif yo' man? Yo' jus' say yo' name is George. I hear ya—white man ain' lyin'. Don' go beatin' up anybody like dat o' yo' gonna git yo'se'f in some mo' trouble.

First Negro: Yeh—an' **don'** do it wif **me** aroun' neither. I don' want no sheriff handin' me over to no mob!

Second Negro: Dey ketch us all—Yuh gotta be careful, nigger.

First Negro: (Back on the story.) But what happen' when dey foun' dat white man's head smashed? Dey really give you boys hell, didn't dey?

Second Negro: How you git outa dat, huh?

Third Negro: Dey ain' no mo' to tell. (Kicks fire with tip of feet, then rests head on knees.) Dey take me an' two other boys to jail, but I jump out an' run away after we git outa de swamps.

Second Negro: Dem other boys—dey git out too?

Third Negro: No—dey don' even git to town. Mob meet 'em outa town.

Second Negro: An' you don' even help 'em? (No. 1 and 2 are frightened with the story.)

Third Negro: (With a flash of fire) But dey don' ketch me yet—an' dey ain' gonna ketch me—I'm too damn good for 'em—firs' houn' dat gets after me, I gonna beat his head like—like a co'n meal cake. (The other two Negroes edge away from him during this speech—he is no longer one of them. Two blasts of a locomotive whistle are heard.)

Second Negro: (Relieved—getting up and stretching.) Dat hot shot gonna high ball—any you goin' wes' better jump on. (To third) Yo' goin' west? (Hoping he isn't.)

Third Negro: I'm gonna git rid of dis country quick—I'm goin' to Mobile an' git on a boat fo' Africa o' somewhere where dey can' recognize me.

First Negro: Plenty niggers in Africa.

Second Negro: Dat's right—on'y don' git in any mo' scrapes—maybe yo' won' be lucky nex' time. Bye, white man—don' mix dem drinks too stiff. (First and second go off right.)

Negro: (There is a pause in which the Negro stares across the fire at the White as if trying to place him.) I seen yo' somewhere befo'. (Stands up and leans over at him.) Lemme see yo' face.

White: Sure. (Tilts hat back.) Small world, ain't it?

Third Negro: Don' be funny wif me—I'm a hard guy. Was yo' ever in Merton, Louisiana?

White: Am I supposed to answer yes or no?

Negro: Yo' better answer de truf or I'll squeeze it outa yuh. I ain't foolin', white man.

White: You are hard—aren't you?

Negro: Yo' gonna fin' out less'n yo' answer dat.

White: You think I'm afraid of a damned nigger? Sure, I preached in Merton, five years, down on Price road, by the coal yards.

Negro: Den dat's where I saw yuh—Yo' know all about me, don' yuh? Yuh lyin' white trash. Yo' say yo' don' know my name—ain' two hundred people in Merton.

White: I never saw you before. An' what if I did?

Negro: Yo' lie! Yo' know dat's a lie! (Frightening himself into rage.)

White: Shut up, you.

Negro: What yo' quit preachin' fo'? Why yo' do dat?

White: None of your damn business what I done it for.

Negro: I know why! I know why yo' quit—yuh got mo' money other way. I know—yuh come after me—think yo' gonna git me—git me an' den give me to 'm. An' den dey gonna hang me. But **dey don't know where I am**—You ain' gonna tell 'em. I fix yo' mouf by God. (Steps toward White, who rises.)

White: Sit down before I knock you down.

Negro: (Leaning over him) You?—Huh.

White: Yeh! (Swings and cracks Negro's jaw. They clinch and scuffle upstage—right into shadows. They both drop out of sight and the Negro, who is a powerful fellow, quickly subdues the other and reappears.)

Negro: (Panting a little—stooping over in the shadows in the upstage—left corner of the stage.) I—get—dem—firs'—Den dey don' git me.—musta hit 'im pretty ha'd—he gone. (Standing up and staring out straight.) Jus' one mo' co'n meal cake in de oven. (Starts out right as the other Negroes re-enter right—both parties look dismayed at seeing the other—they sit on opposite sides of the fire—the third left, and the others, right. Third is nervously waiting a chance to break away; he stands and looks down the tracks.)

Second Negro: (Being polite.) Shook de train down—somebody busted into a grocery store an' dey lookin' fo' him.

First Negro: She gonna be ha'd ta ketch a ride outa here. Every dick in de state watchin' de trains.

Second Negro: Dey be comin' along pickin' us up pretty soon. We gonna spend a nice night in jail. (Third Negro starts and looks around.) Whatsa matter—if yo' go ta jail, dey gotta feed ya. Dat ain't gonna scare me—I know dat. Where dat white man—sho gonna be funny seein' a preacher in jail.

Third Negro: He gone.

Second Negro: De eas' train ain' thu yet.

Third Negro: He gone wes'.

Second Negro: Wes'?

Third Negro: Yeh.

Second Negro: Dat funny—he say he goin' eas'—gonna work on de coas'. He ain't gonna git far 'cause de wes' train's shook down. He be back.

Third Negro: He got a ticket.

First Negro: Oh—he got money—wish I know dat when he's here. (Begins looking on ground upstage.)

Third Negro: (Getting up nervously.) What yo' lookin' fo'?

First Negro: See dat loaf of bread I set down here?

Third Negro: It ain' dere—I know it ain'. Come back here.

First Negro: (Stopping.) How you know—you got it?

Third Negro: No—I ain' got it—I looked. I mean I foun' it an' eat it. (First resumes search.) Hones' it ain' dere. I eat it all up. Don' look no mo'.

First Negro: (Espying bread.) You damn liar, here—(gasps) Lawdie—what dis?—de white man!

Second Negro: (Looking around.) White man—where?

First Negro: (Kneeling beside White.) De white man—dead! (Turning slowly to third Negro.) You done dis—you done kill him!

Third Negro: You sma't you is. I gotta go now. (Turns and starts to run off left, but sees lights approaching along tracks. Starts right, second catches him and the two of them put him down.)



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Third Negro: Lemme go—Lord, lemme go—I kill you boys. Lemme go. (Keeps this up until they strangle him into silence.)

Second Negro: Think yo' gonna tear outa here like yo' did on dem other boys—I ain' gonna hang fo' nobody—'n if I do, you gonna be wif me.

First Negro: Yeh—we gonna make dis slip together. You try to tear out an' we gonna finish you quick, see?

Second Negro: (Releasing his grip.) We gotta dodge de dicks an' hop dat eas' train when she pull out. We all gonna go to Africa where three mo' won' show.

(Voices are heard and the Negroes get up and start out right as two white men enter left. They are wearing official badges and carrying flashlights and revolvers.)

First Detective: Put up your hands, you niggers. (They all comply, the first two look around for an avenue of escape—the third stands sullenly with his eyes cast down.)

Second Det.: Man over there asleep—want him too?

First Det.: Yeh—if we take one in, we might as well take 'em all. Wake 'im up. Reckon maybe he got sleepy after he ate all them groceries. (Laughs. The first two Negroes make a move to run.) Hey—cut that out. (Both detectives turn guns on them.) Maybe you guys done it.

Second Det.: Wouldn't put it past 'em. (Walks over to White.) Hey you—wake up. (Kicks him.) Wake up. (Stoops and shakes him.) Wake up, you. (Feels blood on white man's head and turns light on it.) Slim,—this man's dead. Head smashed in. Turns to Negroes.) Robbery an' murder too—God damn niggers—wait till the town hears about this—gonna have one hell of a time with 'em.

First Det.: Reckon we better just turn 'em over to 'em.

Second Det.: Yeh—be easier on us too. (All this time the two Negroes are behaving extremely nervously—the third is still sullen. Second breaks out with—:)

Second Negro: We didn' do it, boss. Jus' 'cause you fin' us here, we didn't do it.

First Det.: (Sarcastically.) And you never saw him before?

Second Negro: No suh, boss—we never did.

First Negro: (Earnesly—almost tearfully.) Dat's de truf, boss—we never saw him till dis minute.

First Det.: (To third Negro.) I reckon you're gonna say you ain't even here. (Third Negro is silent and first detective kicks him.) Feel that? You ain't even here. (Laughs.) Answer me. (Kicks him.)

Third Negro: (Raging inside.) By God, I— (Stops when detective jabs him.) Lemme alone, you ketch me—now lemme alone.

Second Det.: Caught him—see he admits it. You admit it, don't you?

Third Negro: (Straightening up defiantly.) Sho', I done it—by God I git you too.

Second Det.: He admits they done it, see?

Second Negro: (Excitedly pleading.) He done it—he done it! We didn'—He done it.

Second Det.: Whadda you know? Thought you never

seen the man before. Changin' his story already, Slim, see?

First Det.: Yeh—they done it all right. Reckon we better take 'em in now. Send somebody after that fellow when we get back.

Second Negro: (Hysterically.) Dey'll kill us, boss. We didn't do it. Don' let 'em murder us, boss. God, we didn' do it.

First Det.: (Jabbing him with gun.) Come on—come on. Why don't you show some guts like the other one.

Second Det.: Yeh, the other one's got guts, all right.

First Det.: Come, let's put these jelly beans in the cooler an' get som sleep.

First Negro: Boss, please don' take us in dat town. Dey gonna kill us an' we didn' even do it.

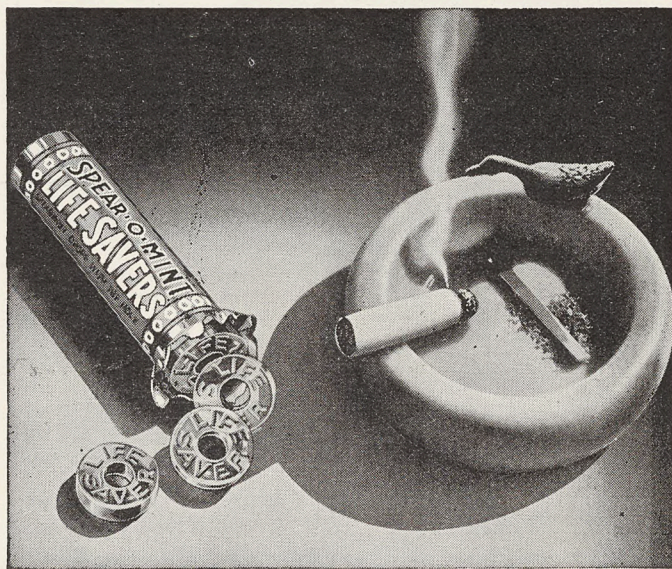
First Det.: If you don't move I'll bash your head in, an' there won't be nothin' left to hang. (To third) That goes for you too. Move!

Third Negro: (Steadily and straight front.) Yo' ain' thu wif us. **Dey's mo' lef dan jus' us**, an' by God I get away yet.

(Third Negro casts an eloquent look of intense hatred at the two whites and walks off mumbling—he is followed by the other two, who are in the depths of despair. The detectives follow and their lights play on the faces of the captives showing their relative moods as—

(Th Curtain Falls.)

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Besides this feature, the magazine will be larger. There will be more about what's happening on the campus and there will be an expose of campus politics.

Don't forget Wed. Dec. 19, '34.

We are always glad to receive suggestions students have to offer.



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